PIOCHE WEEKLY RECORD.

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PIOCHE, - - - NEVADA.

AN EDIBLE DOG.

The Chinese "chow' dog which has been presented to Lyon, Hall & Co., by Captain Mahany, of the bark Foohng Suey, from Hong Kong, is one of many kinds of dogs that are eaten in China. The word "chow" is Chinese for food and has been transplanted into English in the word "chow-chow." The full name of the species of dog presented by Captain Mahany is "Chinese black-tongued chow dog." It is yellow, with comparatively long hair, and not unlike a collie or an Esquimaux dog in size and general appearance. Its head resembles that of a wolf and its tongue is so black as to make it look as if the animal had been drinking ink. Dog meat is one of the regular items in a Chinaman's bill of fare when he is able to get it.

"Few persons in this country have any idea of the variety of queer things eaten in China," said Mr. J. Crawford Lyon yesterday. "Dogs, cats, rats, angleworms, insets, fowls and reptiles of every sort," he continued, "are to be seen on sale in meat shops everywhere in that empire. They are kept alive and killed as soon as purchasers have selected them, they can be bought already slain, but uncooked, or they can be bought cooked. The blood from the slaughter is kept and made into soups and other dishes.

"The black tongued chow dog is the dog most often eaten, but, as far as I saw when I was in China, there is no species of the animal which the natives will not eat. There are some kinds that are considered more dainty than others, just as in this country in the case of hogs, but the average Chinaman is so poor that he is glad to get anything to eat.

"The ordinary food of chow dogs is rice and fish. Meat is not given to them, because it is believed that it will make them mad. I never heard of any special food being given them to make their flesh more palatable when eaten.

"I have tasted dog meat in Canton. It was served like braised beef, and I found that it had no special or peculiar taste and was not at all disagreeable. It is served in a number of styles."

Mr. John R. Tait, the artist, in a letter to the "Sun," suggests that "the recent difficulty of the Baltimore Custom House appraisers in determining the value of the chow dog might have been easily settled had they classified it as edible meat. Some years ago a laurel crown was sent by Belgian artists to Vienna to be placed there on the coffin of the painter Hans Makart. The local customs officers were in a similar quandary about the entrance duty, but it was finally arranged by admitting the wreath under the category of "vegetables."'.—Baltimore Sun.

ENGLAND IN THE JAM TRADE.

A few years ago, when Mr. Gladstone, in one of his charming bucolic orations at Hawarden, recommended the British farmer to turn his attention to fruit cultivation and the making of jam, his advice was received with a good deal of cheap and ignorant ridicule. As usual, the ex-Premier has proved a good deal wiser than his critics, and those who gave ear to his counsel in this instance have had no reason to regret their confidence. In an interview a famous provider says:

"The motive that induced me to take up the jam trade was my knowledge of the fact that within late years the demand for preserves has been steadily increasing, while that for butter has—no doubt in consequence—shown a tendency rather to decline than otherwise. Catering as I do for some 300,000 daily customers, I have naturally good opportunity of knowing what the public want in the matter of provisions.

"Jam has a great future before it. The people are using it more and more largely every year—and, in my opinion, they are doing wisely, for what could be cheaper, and at the same time healthier, than good jam made from sound English fruit?

"I attribute the superiortiy of English fruit to the nature of the soil and to the fact that the fruit ripens more gradually in our climate than in countries where there is more continuous and powerful sunshine. The slower the ripening process, the better is the flavor of the fruit.

"You may not, perhaps, be aware that strawberries grown in the northern parts of Scotland are vastly superior in all respects to those grown in southern England—without doubt because they take longer to mature. Australian jams are being pushed largely in India and elsewhere, and may very probably come over here before long to compete with our home produce.

"In Ireland there is a magnificent future for the fruit-growing industry, if only its opportunities were turned to account. Even now most of the blackberries that come to the English markets are grown in Ireland. But there are enormous possibilities there of which no one has yet taken advantage. Properly worked, its fruit trade might yet do much to insure Ireland's commercial prosperity." — Westminster Gazette.

The largest and oldest chain bridge in the world is said to be that at Kingtung, in China, where it forms a perfect road from the top of one mountain to the top of another.

A German firm is manufacturing phonographic clocks which talk the hour instead of striking it.

OUR GIRLS' CLUB.

Where Young Women Students Find Many Comforts.

IN PARIS WITHOUT PROTECTION.

Expenses of the Club Met by Generous Americans—Married Women Not Admitted as Lodgers.

The Rue de Chevreuse is a narrow street, only a block in length, which connects Rue Notre Dames des Champs with the Boulevard Mont Parnasse. From the boulevard one sees its commonplace buildings and, rising above them, the red-tiled roof of a convent, where a statue of Our Lady of the Fields looks down on the dormer windows and clustered chimneys of the surrounding houses. On the left is a large four-story building shining in a fresh coat of cream-colored paint. When the great porte opens we catch a glimpse of a sunny court with a garden behind. The house extends around three sides of a paved court; in the center is a large flower-bed filled with scarlet geraniums, hollyhocks, and roses; an old well has been covered over and transformed into a pansy bed, and here and there are boxes overflowing with gay nasturtiums. The tall trees and shrubs in the garden shield the court from the view of neighboring houses, and in the pleasant seclusion the noisy, dusty boulevard seems far away.

This is the American Girls' Club, an outgrowth of a smaller one which was opened three years ago in the Rue Vavin. The idea of the latter club originated with the late Rev. W. W. Newell and wife, who, from their many years of faithful work among the students, were thoroughly acquainted with their needs. Through them Mrs. Whitelaw Reid became interested in the plan, and she assumed the entire expense of the maintenance of the club. It consisted of a reading-room, a small library, and a reception-room, where tea was served every afternoon at 5 o'clock. Situated as it was in the midst of the student quarter, many girls would come in for an hour of rest, to see the papers and magazines, and have a chat with acquaintances over a cup of tea. On Sunday evenings a short service was held, followed by an informal social gathering.

This club proved to be such a success that last October the Rue de Chevreuse house was opened, with the addition of bedrooms and a much-needed restaurant. The girls pay a fair price for their rooms and in the restaurant, but the club cannot be supported by the income derived from these sources Mrs Whitelaw Reid has made herself responsible for the rent and taxes, while other expenses are met by other generous Americans. The business affairs are controlled by a gentleman and a committee of ladies living in Paris, and the house staff is composed of a directress and chaperon, who manages the house and restaurant, a housekeeper, concierge, and women domestics. In addition there is the president of the club, usually one of the students, who has a general supervision over the reading-room and library, presides at 5 o'clock tea, and takes a prominent part in the social affairs of the club.

The present club is intended only for girls studying in Paris without the protection of relatives or friends; and although married women are not admitted as lodgers, the reading-room and restaurant are open to all students. Not only does the club give a charming home life to forty girls, but others share many of its privileges. It is the nucleus of student life in the quarter, and from the very existence of this center of American life in a strange land the lonely newcomer feels a sense of comfort and protection.

The restaurant does much to remove the difficulties of student life for girls in Paris. The charges of most of the pensions are too high for many, and in the French pensions the newly arrived American misses home comforts and suffers from neglect of the proper sanitary conditions, while a continued course of small restaurants is sure to end in dyspepsia, mental and physical. Some rent apartments and try house keeping, but, ignorant of the customs and the puzzling intricacies of French law, this frequently involves them in difficulty and expense. There is the conflict, also, between health and one's work, in which too often the health suffers.

With these drawbacks to economical living, it is no wonder that the club was welcomed gladly by American students. The house has been full most of the time since it opened. Already the rooms are engaged for the coming winter, and the well-filled restaurant last year showed that it was fully appreciated by the students. The charges are rather less than in the cheap restaurants of the quarter, while the quality is much superior. One of the menus will give an idea of the prices, which, however, fluctuate with the season and the conditions of the markets. Vegetable soup, 4 cents; boiled fish, white sauce, 9 cents; filet, Madeira sauce, with vegtables, 13 cents; mutton braise, 9 cents; salad, 4 cents; baked cauliflower, 5 cents; cream cheese, 4 cents; rice cake, 5 cents; preserved cherries, 3 cents; coffee, 4 cents; tea, 4 cents.

On the second floor is the drawing-room, or "blue room," so called from the prevailing tone of the furnishings. The club is "at home" on Thursday evenings, though visitors are not confined to that day. Some choice photographs, gifts from girls who have returned to America, are on the walls, here and in the "red room" across the hall, where the afternoon tea is served. In winter, coming from the dusky streets, this room looks delightfully cozy. There is the tea table with its embroidered blue and white cover, and pretty cups and saucers; and the plates of thin brown bread and butter are tempting; the shining samoval is sending up a cloud of steam, there is a fragrance of tea and lemon, a tinkle of teaspoons, and the hum of many voices. This is the students' hour of relaxation. If you want to know what is going on in the student world this is the place and hour to hear it. From the different groups one hears talk of the next Salon pictures, exhibitions, and entertainments, studio gossip, and plans for summer travel. The low French windows open on a wide veranda overlooking the court; here in pleasant summer weather the tea table is placed.

The reading-room adjoins the red room. The long center table is covered with magazines and papers. The writing table by the window is occupied by students with home letters. Bookcases at the farther end of the room hold the library, which grows steadily, if slowly, by contributions from different sources. Some girls are looking over the bulletin board, which contains notices of church services, and summer sketching classes, addresses of doctors, dentists, French teachers, boarding-houses, and announcements of the sale of students' furniture.

Last December the second annual exhibition of the woman artists of Paris was held at the club. The evening of the opening reception the guests, in passing through the rambling corridors, had an opportunity of seeing many of the students' rooms. These range in price from $5 to $14 a month. All are furnished plainly but comfortably, and arranged to apear as much as possible like sitting-rooms. One feature is the absence of the cumbersome English bed. In its place is a low, rather narrow, French sommier and mattress, which, with a cover and several pillows, is used as a divan in the daytime. A newcomer's room maybe distinguished by its comparative plainness, but it will not be long before she will have about her all manner of artistic trifles. Even those obliged to economize most closely soon pick up nice bits of draperies, old brass, and pottery during rag fair at Christmas, the ham fair before Easter, and from the old temple. The room of a student who has been over sometime shows the result of many such expeditions. A gray-greenfish net makes misty shadows as it hangs in graceful curves from the ceiling. Photographs and summer sketches are pinned up on the walls, a great Dutch milk can by the window is filled with holly, and by it stands a pair of Breton sabots. On a charming writing desk, improvised from an orange box, is a quaintly carved old hour glass; a Botticelli bas-relief and a graceful Tanagra figure catch the light from a side window; a brass kettle is singing on a tiny three-legged stove, and a huge ladle of Spanish copper gleams like a coal from a dusky corner.

In the garden is St. Luke's Chapel, given by Dr. Morgan Dix, rector of Holy Trinity. Rev. Samuel P. Kelly is the successor of the late Mr. Newell, whose best monument is the work he did among the students of the Latin quarter. Characteristic of his unselfish thoughtfulness for others was his plan for relieving and cheering the lives of those studying abroad, which, aided by timely generosity, has developed into the American Girls' Club.—Churchman.

HE PASSED AS A GIRL.

The extraordinary story of a young man passing as a girl all his life until a month or two ago is just related from Treschatel, in the Alpine district of Switzerland. He was known by the name of Laura Besner, and came of good family. Why his friends should have registered the child as a female and subsequently kept up the deception is a matter of mystery. The young man is said to have found the companionship of the weaker sex very pleasant, and would probably have continued to frequent the society of young women as one of their number had not he fallen in love, but in order to woo and win the lady of his choice he declared his proper sex.

The earlier years of his life were spent in a convent school, on leaving which he studied a cure for stammering and subsequently founded a school for that purpose. This was so successful that in a few years he amassed 40,000 francs, and then decided to study medicine. With this object he was entered as a student at the Grenoble School of Medicine as a woman, and to all outward appearances was one.

His features were distinctly feminine, and nothing in the shape of a mustache or whiskers were to be observed. In every way he comported himself as a female and seemed quite at ease in the character he assumed. The only thing which might have betrayed him, perhaps, was a slight suspicion of the masculine in his voice. This, however, was scarcely sufficient to attract special attention.

The young man has been married and as a husband he has already become acquainted with the hardships of the rougher sex, for, sad to relate, he is registered for military service in 1895.

She had attended the ambulence classes and obtained the certificate. The street accident she had earnestly prayed for took place. A man had broken his leg! She confiscated the walking-stick of a passer-by and broke it into three pieces for splints. She tore up her skirt for bandages. When all was completed, she summoned a cab and took her patient to the hospital. "Who bandaged the limb so creditably?" inquired the surgeon. "I did," she blushingly replied. "Well, it is most beautifully—most beautifuliy done; but you have made, I find, one little mistake. You have bandaged the wrong leg."

LONDON ANARCHISTS.

Habits and Amusements of the Russo-Jewish Type.

UNKEMPT, DISHEVELED GOSSIPS.

The Rallying Place of Anarchist Followers—The Women's Section of This Peculiar Organization.

The club and rallying place of the Russo-Jewish anarchists in East London was until lately in Berners street. Recent occurrences, however, rendered this an undesirable locality; it was too well looked after by the authorities. So it was transferred to a quieter and more obscure corner, where it was less likely to attract the notice of outsiders; and it is now by no means easy to find. Near the top of the New road, which opens into Commercial road, there is a turning known as Charlotte street, at the corner of which is an oil-monger's, and at the other a tobacconist's, three doors or so from the former is a narrow archway, bricked over. The roadway beneath is roughly paved, and the curb is generally the seat of some half dozen unkempt and disheveled gossips attended by twice as many barefooted children. Passing under the arch, one emerges upon a lane or alley not more than nine or ten feet wide. There is a row of small tenement houses on one side, a dirty brick wall and some stables on the other. A few costers' barrows are backed up against the wall, and the uneven roadway and gutter are invariably sloppy and sloshy, owing to the grooming of horses always going on, and the practice the residents have adopted of emptying their waste water from the upper windows.

At the bottom of this thoroughfare and on the left-hand side of it, is a small, building, half workshop, half warehouse, with a steep, sloping roof, the gable end facing the road. The lower part is entirely boarded up and tightly nailed-to. There is a large double door on the first floor the entire width of the building, and only the upper part of this is glazed, so that it is impossible to look in from without. Nor can the edifice be seen from the streets at the end of the lane in which it stands. There are two small doors, but without either bell or knocker, handle or latch to them. A couple of posters are stuck on the doors, one in Hebrew characters reading "Arbeiter-frend" the other in English, "Worker's Friend," thus announcing this to be the official headquarters of the East End anarchist propaganda. Knock, kick, or batter at the side entry any afternoon or evening and the big door on the upper floor will be cautiously opened and you will hear a hoarse "Khto tam?" ("Who is there?") If you are unknown to the speaker you will be told that no business is done here. If the questioner above recognizes you, or you come with a friend, a string arrangement will open the side door on the left and by means of a wooden staircase you can mount to the upper floor.

Go up any afternoon or evening and you will hear the sound, not of political argument or socialist debate, but of cardboard falling upon wood, and suppressed talk and laughter. The whole of the upper part form a large oblong room, half office, half sitting-room, with a bench or two, upon which a score of young men and women are generally to be found seated, smoking and chattering away, while others are at a small table playing at cards. As you enter you may catch one, watching the game, call out in unctuous Yiddish, "Das kortei begrubt ech" ("That card will bury you")—and the card apparently does settle the player, for he throws it down with an oath and a muttered "shwartz mazel" ("bad luck"), and tosses a couple of sixpence over to his companions. The young men usually present are well fed and dressed, belonging apparently to a comfortably-off class, and the young women are altogether comely specimens of "fair Israel" in East London. But the visitors here are only new adherents, young converts. They are the idle drones of the anarchist hive. The club is but a rallying place for such followers, and a blind for the outside public. For the workers we must look elsewhere. And these will be found in the smaller circles or branches, which meet on Sundays in their own appointed places.

One such branch, comprising a section of the womens' organization, has its meeting place in the very heart of the anarchist quarter in the Commercial road. Two or three doors from Morgan street is a narrow passage by the side of the large public house in the open thoroughfare. This is London terrace, and leads to one of the darkest and most forbidding of the alleys that abound in that vicinity. There are houses on one side only, on the other a wall, which effectually prevents any glimmer of sunlight from reaching the tenements. So bad is the reputation of the terrace that none but residents would willingly go through it after dusk, and even these take care to keep their lower window shutters close barred and their doors locked as soon as twilight sets in. At the farther end the wayfarer down there is as far from help and hearing, if markedly different from the ordinary stock types encountered in the East End of London. None of the men are over 40, and only two of them wear beards—the rest mustaches and side whiskers. They are neatly and quietly dressed, and, were it not for their Jewish features, would pass unnoticed in any ordinary assembly of Englishmen. The women are, all of them, taller than the average, strongly built, and plain-looking, with the heavy features of Russian Jewesses. They wear their own hair—which East End Jewesses generally cover with a sheitel or wig—and none of them has a wedding ring. Their expression of face is not prepossessing, for the eyebrows are unusually bushy, and there is an ominous "V" fold in the depression above the nose of several of them. Their peculiar utterance of certain consonants marks them out as Courlanderinnen, natives of Courland.—London Standard.

EDUCATIONAL.

It costs $1,000,000 a year to run Harvard University.

Columbia's endowment fund is $9,000,000. It is second only to Girard college.

Harvard, Yale and Princeton have formed an intercolleigate debating league.

Chicago boasts that $2,000,000 have been added to the fund of its university since its establishment two years ago.

Bathtubs are to be placed in Chicago school buildings, and hereafter the cleanliness of the pupils will be looked after by men and women janitors.

There is a law school for colored students at Louisville, Ky., and several of Louisville's leading white attorneys have consented to deliver lectures.

The building which the University of the City of New York will erect on its old site in Washington Square will be ten stories high and cost $700,000.

Wellesley College has turned out 1,066 graduates since it was founded. This is a splendid evidence of the success of the "higher education" for women.

Dartmouth has graduated 40 college presidents, 200 college professors, 60 members of congress and 24 governors. Daniel Webster and Rufus Choate are among her famous alumni.

A school for barbers has been started in New York. Each pupil is charged $25. Shaves and hair-cuts in the shop are free. Bowery bums furnish all the men the students need to practice upon.

The girls are flocking to college and papas are handing out money. A clever girl can live at Vassar on $700 a year, or spend $2,500. At Wellesley $600 upward is the figure. At aristocratic Bryn Mawr $800 is a scant figure for a year; Mount Holyoke, $300 to $500. Almost all the colleges are crowded with freshmen, and hard times don't seem to interrupt the girls' education.

In a recent letter Colonel J. Sumner Rogers, Superintendent of the Michigan Military Academy, located at Orchard Lake, makes the following statement: "I am convinced that military discipline in an academy is the means of saving much vlauable time in the acquirement of an education. The student is taught from the day he enters that every moment of time must be accounted for. He studies on time, he exercises on time, he plays on time, he sleeps on time; whatever the ratio of study to exercise, each is done methodically and on time. The student at once becomes impressed with the necessity of promptness and regularity. He adopts regular habits and soon learns to look upon punctuality as the sine qua non of successful accomplishment. With such impressions indelibly fixed upon his mind and such habits firmly engrafted into his scholastic and business methods he goes out well prepared to make the most of his opportunities. He embarks in professional or business enterprises, supported by habits of methodical promptness, without which success is impossible."

A NATIONAL INSECT FACTORY.

The reason that the government built its bug factory was that it wanted to raise insects, see how they lived, what they ate, how they changed in form, and find out what would finally destroy them. You can see how important all this information would be to a man who had every year been bothered by insects he could hardly see, and whose potatoes and strawberries were being eaten by a hungry army which paid nothing for the feast.

The men who watch these little creatures find lots of things to interest them, and it takes away the weariness of their waiting. They find that marvellous changes often take place in the insects. Some of them alter their form so that you would not recognize them for the same insect. One will at first be a short thick fly, with sharp eyes, wings, and a minute feeler like an elephant's trunk, and he will next be a worm without legs and no eyes. It is always an easy matter to find out what the bug is doing and what will drive it away, but it is not always so easy to say where he comes from or how he happened to appear in certain places. The day I was in the insectary I saw a bug which had been found in California by a boy while eating boiled potatoes, and later his father found more potatoes in the cellar, which had been dug a short time before, also inhabited by this same worm. I was told that this worm had come all the way form China, probably nobody knew how. Anyway a member of the unwelcome tribe had reached the insectary and was a guest there. He was a famous bug, did he but know it, for he was to be carefully watched and his every action was to be noted in a book each day. He would receive as much atention as any great man—probably more attention, for hardly any man has been closely watched every day of his life, as this Chinese bug will be.—Harper's Young People.

A yard is thirty-six inches in length because King Henry I. of Enlgand, who adopted this measurement, had an arm thirty-six inches long.

It is estimated that there are 3,000 marriages a day throughout the world.

FLORIDA COCOANUTS.

Marketable Quantities Raised in the Far South.

HOW THEY WERE STARTED THERE.

A Cargo of Shipwrecked Nuts Washed Ashore, from which the Large Groves Originated.

Sixty thousand cocoanuts, at about five cents apiece, were shipped from Florida to Northern markets during the present year. And when the Florida crop is counted, about all is said, for nowhere else in the United States are cocoanuts produced in marketable quantities. The industry is increasing in the State yearly, and ere long will be one of no little importance.

The cocoanut is not of natural growth in Florida, its introduction there being entirely accidental. This took place about twenty years ago, when a vessel, bound from a South American port to New York, was wrecked off the southeast Florida coast. Her cargo of cocoanuts was washed ashore, and the residents of the newly-settled, pioneer section eagerly seized upon the supply and proceeded to plant them. From this sprang all the trees and groves that now assist so materially in beautifying the country. Large groves, containing from 300 to 6,000 trees, abound, and the nuts are put to various uses. Of course, in this land of plenty, the desiccated article of commerce is practically unknown, the housewives using the fresh nut, newly ripened, and it is far superior to the other that is more elaborately prepared.

Cocoanuts, from the size of a small pea, to the full grown size, are found on the tree at all seasons, as many as 300 hanging to the tree at one time.

There is a husk or sacking around the nut, and the nut is planted with this husk still on it, as it causes the young tree to be more hardy, which is at first reed-like and jointed, and is apt to be easily broken, especially if it has been grown in a nursery and has to be removed. Nuts are planted about a foot under ground, and it takes all the way from six to fourteen months for them to make their appearance above ground. At six years of age the tree bears. Culture of the nut is very remunerative, and it takes very little work and attention to make it profitable.

There is a peculiar cloth-like fabric that grows around the tree, about the quality of burlaps, that can be skillfully fashioned into all sorts of aticles for ornament and use. They are made with fancy silks, hand-painted and variously decorated, and are indeed very pretty.

Butter has been made and used for some time from the cocoanut, and it is found to be wholesome and palatable, and in the regions where they grow, the freshly ground nut is used in bread in place of lard, the same quantity being used as of lard.

There is a fine fibre in the tree that has been unsuccessfully experimented with, and persons in a position to know, declare that the possibilities that lie in cocoanut culture are, as yet, undreamed of by the majority of people, even by those who cultivate them.

They are indeed a beautiful, symmetrical tree, graceful and feathery, that adds much to the picturesqueness of the landscape. There is always something distinctive about every member of the pollen family, whether it be a lonely specimen on desert sands, or a majestic grove in tropical lands. Some of the trees grow forty feet tall, and a grove reminds one standing in it, more of a stately pillared hall than aught else. It is impressive and grand, and when the winds sweep a miserere through the friugy tops, the effect is softening and saddening.

Cellulose is a substance manufactured form cocoanut bark, which is used much among ship builders for making their boats watertight, after a thorough coating with the same.

It is not known how long a cocoanut tree will live, as a dead one in this country has never been seen.

The Saunterer was in the front car of a fast express traveling to New York last week, and, as he had grown rather tired of reading the morning paper, he began to amuse himself by studying his fellow passengers. Just in front of him sat two men. One wore a wide-brimmed, stiff straw hat, and his know-it-all manner seemed to indicate that he had just finished his junior year at college. The other, who was much older, the Saunterer recognized as a well-known professor of archæology at Harvard.

They were talking about the wonders of this wonderful land.

"I wish you could see our town of Pokerville, Professor," said the younger of the two men. 'It is a most interesting town—only twenty years old and with fifty thousand inhabitants."

'Ah — yes — very interesting, no doubt," replied the professor, drily.

"But, strange as it may seem, I should prefer myself a town fifty thousand years old and with twenty inhabitants."

The superintendent of a Sunday-school was one afternoon explaining the story of Elijah and the prophets of Baal—how Elijah built an altar, put wood upon it, and cut a bullock in pieces and laid it upon the altar. "And then," said the superintendent, "he commanded the people to fill four barrels with water, and to pour it over the altar; and they did this four times. Now, I wonder if any one can tell me why all this water was poured over the bullock upon the altar." There was a silence for a few moments, and then one little boy spoke up, "Please, sir, to make the gravy."